Route 12 - Old Receiver Road
Frederick, Md. 21701

December 19, 1976

Mark Lane
105 Second St. NE
Washington, D.C. 20002

Counterfeit Mark;

I saw Jim Lesar the day he received your letter of the 16th. He did not consider it worth wasting time on, so I do not know what he thinks about it. Except that he laughed. Instead, he gave me a copy of it and his of the 12th to you. I find no reference to me in his letter and no basis for intruding me into this. Your resort to the traditional device of the totally bankrupt lawyer is obvious, even for you. The total nonresponsiveness of your shysterism is apparent.

Although I had nothing to do with Jim's filing a complaint against you with the bar, I consider what he did a public service. If he had not, in time I probably would have.

As some of your formerly deceived and since then defected associates have told you, you are sick. You are galled by a long career that is, from your own effort, singularly without any distinction except as a thief and a skilled propagandist. A lack of either principle or scruple assists you in both. You therefore have no choice but to take from others and to trade on others.

Why don't you try to be honest for a change? The world will not end. No hole will swallow you up, public benefit that this would be.

Your representation of what I told Prentice-Hall is unfaithful, the norm with you. My purpose is and was explicit: I put them on notice. If you or they think I did not mean it, well, we'll just have to await the working of time, won't we? I look forward to what is long overdue!

Only a twisted mind that in its innermost recesses knows it is without decent, reputable accomplishment would twist this into the sick misrepresentation of "an effort to interfere with an existing contract." Your tortured ego will do you in yet.

I went much further with Prentice-Hall than you indicate. I invited a confrontation with you, to be taped and without restrictions. Neither they nor you accepted. But we have been through that before, haven't we? Like the time I exposed you as a thief on the air and in a TV studio, with the studio tape showing you defending thievery as right and proper, the air tape holding your claim that it was all a "printer's error" that would be corrected in a reprint, in which it was <u>not</u> "corrected."

Like the juvenile delinquent that you are emotionally, you talk brave talk when you have no one to face. Face to face, a rarity, the coward in you is meek. Twice when I was ill and weak. Even then you were yellow.

If Prentice-Hall wants to believe what you say, they will learn, as has everyone who ever had anything to do with you, from the inevitable pain. They have yet to learn what all who know you recognize as you at your best and most dependable, the quotation of your words from <u>Midnight</u> - which is where you belong - in Jim's letter:

> "And after I spoke with him (Charles Stephens) he was jailed as a material witness."

After he took a crap has as much relevance. After he slugged a woman while the cops were "protecting" him. And after he was filmed denying Ray is the man he saw. You had less to do with this than a sealed garlic waved over a simmering stew.

I have raised many dogs, knew still more, and a few pigs, but never have I seen or heard of a cur who from his deep immersion in manure sought to bite the succoring hand - except you. You disgrace the canine, the bovine - and excrement.

You were once less careful than you have since learned to be in your deceptions as you acquire a synthetic fame by thefts and other dishonesties. So in 1966 you announced that you were suing Wesley Liebeler for libel for calling you a liar. How he and his enjoyed it! How they needled you and your friends! How total a defense - truth - Liebeler had! While your tail remained between your legs, your friends asked me to take after Liebeler, you being unable to in your own defense. I did, he ran, and you were free to resume the same crooked career, next with Garrison. (I skip your books, not because they are not malodorously overripe.)

Sick with self-importance and no personal accomplishment as you are, naturally you resented my saving your self-soiled ass.

And, of course, you don't hate yourself, so you hate others.

When it has been reported to me that you said you were going to sue me, I have seen to it that you had ample grounds, in personal, return-receipt correspondence. You have not sued. I do not think you can get desperate enough for that. While you do not know what I have, you have a pretty fair idea of what is available to those who have any knowledge of you at all and of the potential, not only of the thievery and deliberate dishonesty of your writing, but what there is on tape as you go around in your juvenile ersatz heroics.

If your advance was for $10,000 or more, you now have new and ample grounds for going into federal court.

But you know I am not Liebeler, don't you?

And you know that, in addition to what I know and have, I can produce others who will establish not only that you have a career of thievery but are a walking and loud-talking encyclopaedia of misinformation.

You will want that aired in court when s hrimps whistle Yankee Doodle from the backs of cows jumping over a greencheese moon.

But I would tempt the vampire to whom truth, decency and honesty are like holy water. So I send copies to others and inform you that I do.

Meanwhile, do keep those tapes that impress people. I know of them what Prentice-Hall does not.

Sue me, yellow dog - and risk a countersuit.

Good people - authentic experts - will stand in line to testify!

Now, on Jim's complaint to the bar, with which I really had nothing to do, what you do have to look forward to is what I can testify to and what my sources who have taped and clipped you and your associated literary Fagins from coast to coast can and would testify to. I could not follow you if I considered that a worthwhile endeavor, which I do not. So on what is relevant with Prentice-Hall, what I have is copies. Plus those who are my sources, who have the originals.

I strain to hear the whistling of shrimps, of which in human qualities you are one.

Truly,

Harold Weisberg

P.S. Are you man enough to send me a copy of your response to Prentice-Hall? You have read my letter. Do you dare risk my writing them further after reading yours?